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Kerschner's Exchange Restaurant, 62 Martinsville— James McGee, A. H. Caldwell, North Pennsylvania st. Geo. F. Borst, cor. Meridian and Rus-

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A PLEA FOR THE RICH.

An Argument to Show that the Rich Man Is No Worse than the Average Poor Man.

If I were a rich man I probably should not write this paper, for one naturally dislikes to argue one's own case in public; besides there is no one, I should say, more at a disadvantage in self-defense before the world than the man who is known to possess great wealth. Moreover, in this day of socialistic and communistic fads, when a thin and absurd little romance can start into life a political party whose avowed purpose is to do away with one's exclusive right to what one can earn or inherit, it is probably high time for the poor man, who lives with the hope of one day feeling that he has successfully barred his door against wolves, to speak in no uncertain voice against the spread of wealth-hating doc-

Frankly, I should like to be rich. I have no fears that an ample competency of gold would make heaven any further from me or hell any nearer. Still more frankly, if I were possessed of wealth and greatly wished to keep it I should mortally fear to offer it to one of these nationalists, or communists or pleaders of poverty. And, to go to the limit of frankness, if any very, very rich man imagines that I would not share his wealth with him, if he were to volunfeer the offer of it, he is mistaken. It is his, wholly, rightfully, unquestionably his to give and mine to take should he offer to

No rich man has ever done this; but I am neither communist nor nationalist because he has not. He has as much right to for part of my pittance of worldly ac ds as I to ask for a division of his aboutdant stores. The doctrine of mine and the corner-stone of the social fat laborer is worthy of his hire" is a truth that fills the whole area of life; ite broadest signification rivets a man's gains to his person and makes them as inviolable as his blood. Mr. Astor or Mr. Gould has as perfect a right to his millions as I have to the stipend paid me for writing this article. If I could command treble the wages I now receive I should hasten to formulate the command in no uncertain language; but I do not think that Mr. Bellamy should be forced to share his "Looking Backward" windfall money with me. He is entitled to every dollar he can make out of his clever romance, and I heartily wish that we had an international copyright to aid him. The book should be his exclusive property over the whole civilized world, and no nationalistic scheme should intervene to dole out his lucky earnings among the rest of us who were not bright enough to engender a

Ministers of the gospel are much given to pronouncing tremendous sentences upon the rich; but who ever knew of one that refused a hundred thousand-dollar check offered by Crossns to build a church? It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to go to heaven: but a rich man's money is very handy when a new organ is needed, or when the minister's salary is to be paid. It seems to me that it is rank ingratitude for a church to beg for and accept the gold of a fortunate man and then coolly inform him that his chances for eternal joy are deplorably slender. Besides I cannot reconcile two familiar strains that we hear from the Sunday pulpit. One of them assaults the rich man as follows: "God has been good to you; he has heaped your hands full of blessings; he has poured gold bounti- | able fully at your feet; now give, give to evjoy a game of cards, or engage in work brings new competitors into the great main under her roof at least one night the Lord." The other rings with denun- social conversation. Poe was a great faciations: "Wealth is but dross; gold is the root of all evil; it is the poor that God has | seat was just behind the stand, and about

When I look about me and see how safe-ly and swiftly the rich man's steamships come up and take a nip;" or, "Bard, come competition with one another and the exbear the missionaries over the sea to the and take a hand in this game. heathen; how the rich man's railways trans-

munerative is paid for by the liberal hands of those who have much to pay with, I wonder if indeed the golden gates of heaven itself have not been built by subscription. I have seen a great many very rich men, have conversed with them, have had business relations with them; but, although I am a trifle given to close observation, I have never discovered that they were worse than the average poor man. The man is the man, with money or without it. Poverty cannot save a soul, riches cannot damn a good man; and it seems to me that all the agitators, in the church and out of it, who agitators, in the church and out of it, who make the rich a butt for their splenetic shafts, would do well to consider what would become of them were the money that himself: Do I desire wealth? Would I refuse to inherit a million or two? Am I quite the person to assume to speak for all the

Let it not be understood that I would appeal to the argumentum ad hominem, though in fact this whole crusade against the rich is repulsively personal and as degrading to the public morals as the lowest form of anarchy. What I would do, if I could, would be to purge the pulpit, the of pandering to the lowest sort of envy, jealousy and prejudice harbored by the unsuccessful and soured side of society against the successful and happy side of it. Most of our wealth is the reward of cour-

age, energy, perseverance and honorable economy, either of its present owners or of their ancestors. Life is a glorious race up a mountain side, and it is honorably won gold that makes the highest peaks shine so splendidly. The prospect of wealth is an enormous stimulus to the young mind take it away and the whole world will fal stale and torpid. Envy and jealousy toward those who have won the prize are unworthy

of enlightened minds. What do we say to our children when we send them to school? Do we tell them to study hard and diligently, in order that they may know how to be dreadfully poor and go to heaven? Do we beg of them to pore over tomes of wisdom that will teach them how to avoid making money and beindeed, be a strange father who should say to his son: "Whatever you do, my boy never make any money; for gold is the root of all evil. Do not try to get wealth, for it is as hard for a rich man to get God's blessing as for a camel to go through the eye of a needle; but, my boy, you must be a preacher or a teacher, you must beg the rich for money to build God's temples, for gold to found colleges, for funds to send away missionaries and to institute chari-

Let us be honest and fair. The rich man is as good as the poor man. He is not a demon, nor is he outlawed of God. He is not to blame for my poverty.

THE STORY OF POE'S DEATH.

A Man Who Says He Was the Victim Batimore Election Crooks.

A former Baltimorean, now living in San Francisco, gives what he claims to be a true account of the poet's last days and death. This is his story: "I was an intimate associate of Edgar Allan Poe for years. Much that has been said and written regarding his death is false. His habitual resort in Baltimore was the widow Meagher's place. This was an oyster-stand and liquor-bar on the city front, corresponding in some respects with the coffee houses of San Franeisco. It was frequented much by printers, and ranked as a respectplace, where parties could vorite with the old woman. His favorite chosen; the weight of a heavy purse drags as quiet and sociable as an oyster himself.

He went by the name of "Bard," and when He went by the name of "Bard," and when

eity, from village to village, and from she would ask "Bard" to versity it. Poe always complied, writing many a witty and promptness; how all over the world the churches, schools and colleges, built by the rich, are doing their resistless work; how hospitals and homes and countless chartties flourish, fertilized and vitatized by the shop that Poe's attention was called to an all. gold of wealthy men and women; and how advertisement in a Philadelphia paper. The entire movement is based on a blind all the labor that is permanent and re. of a prize for the best story; and it was struggle. The persons interested know I him.

there that he wrote his famous 'Gold Bug,' which carried off the hundred-dollar

for three or four months, when he turned up one evening at the widow Meagher's. I was there when he came in. He privately told me that he had been to Richmond, and was on his way North to get ready for his wedding. It was drinking all around and repeat, until the crowd was pretty jolly. It was the night before election, and four of us, including Poe, started up town. We had not gone half a dozen squares when we were nabbed by a gang of men who were on the around to every precinct, where they were made to vote the ticket of the party that controlled the coop. Our coop was in the rear of an engine-house on Calvert street. It was part of the game to stupely the prisoners with drugged liquor. Well, the next day, we were voted at thirty-one different places, and over and over, it being as much as a man's life was worth to rebel. Poe was so badly drugged that after he was carried on two or three different rounds, the gang said it was no use to vote a dead man any longer, so they shoved him into a cab and sent him to a hospital to get him out of

"The commonly accepted story that Poe died from effects of dissipation is all bosh. It was nothing of the kind. He died from laudanum or some other poison that was forced upon him in the coop. He was in a dying condition while he was being voted around the city. The story by Griswold of Poe's having been on a week's spree, and being picked upon the street is false. I saw him shoved into a cab myself, and he told me he had just arrived in the city." The above narrative will form an inter-

LABOR DISPUTES.

It is often said that labor strikes precede or accompany business improvement. We have never had much confidence in the proposition, but if it has any significance business is reviving with great rapidity. It seems more reasonable to suppose that labor strikes accompany the annual activity in different lines of industry. The carpenters seek this time of year to make their demands because their services are more in demand than in any other season.

sult depends largely upon the condition of the carpenters generally. If anxiety for | send his body to his wife, and let it relikely to result in a loss of time and money. On the side of the contractors it may be more of a question of ability to meet the demand than the carpenters imactions of their customers. The loss of time "Whenever the widow Meagher met with and the advance in price are not matters any incident or idea that tickled her fancy between the carpenters and the contractors. between the carpenters and the contractors.

esting chapter in the life and death of the poet whose life was a romanc, and whose death was a tragedy. The account of Poe's last days agrees in several respects with the account which the late Chief Judge Neilson Poe, of Baltimore, gave to the present writer. It's painful to think that a man of Poe's wonderful genius should, after a life of intolerable misery, die in the wretched manner above described. But, it must now be admitted that the author of the Raven was "cooped" and drugged to death by political roughs, who used the hapless poet as a "repeater" at a local election. Others have vaguely stated this before, and the detailed account given by one who was with Poe at the time confirms the horrible story.

Western Editor Moralizes with the Indianapolis Carpenters' Strike as a Text. Kansas City Journal.

But the essential fact is the existence of these strikes. In Indianapolis the strike of the carpenters is based on a demand for eight hours' work at 35 cents an hour. The success or failure of this eight-hour movement is dependent on so many contingencies that the outcome can hardly be an-From the carpenters' stand-point the re-

norance of the circumstances which will

control in the final settlement. This ig-"Poe had been shifting for several years between Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York. He had been away from Baltimore norance has always existed, and it is the reason why strikes have, thus far in the history of the world, been failures.

Beyond all reasonable doubt, present methods will fail as signally in the future as they have in the past. All the world recognizes the utter inadequacy of strikes or even arbitration to improve the condition of the masses. The political economist who imagines that this or that school of economic science has done anything to actually lessen poverty and lighten the burdens of humanity is terribly mistaken. The drift has always flows from swelling purses into the finan-cial veins of their institutions suddenly practice in those days to seize people, wheth-withdrawn. And, furthermore, let the advocate of any form of communism be quite- polls were opened, and then march them | theory concerning the organization of so- | Puck ciety on the basis of higher ideals. THE SECRET OF LIFE.

> Up by Edward Leyer. Evansville Special to Courier-Journal. Your correspondent was to-day in the office of Township Trustee Decker, and while in conversation with that official made reference to an article published few weeks ago in the Evansville Journal, copied from the Conrier-Journal, and reterring to Edward Leyer, a file-maker, who used to ply his trade here and died mysteriously in jail just after being sentenced to the penitentiary for life. "By the way," said Mr. Decker, "I have

wanted to tell you something about Leyer, of whom the Courier-Journal recently published a very romantic article. I was well acquainted with him during his lifetime, and, at one time, had close business relations with him. I always regarded him as a very peculiar man, and always felt suspicious of him. But, somehow, he became attached to me: that is, as much as a man of his peculiar character could to anyone; and once, in a communicative mood, he re-

lated his life experience to me. "He said that he was born in Germany, and that his father was an educated man who had charge of a hospital. Lever himself had received a very fair education, and had a hereditary liking for drugs. His de-sire and curiosity in this direction was fully satisfied in the hospital, where he had a rich opportunity to experiment and study to his heart's content. He followed his bent in this direction, it seems, only during his residence in Germany, for on his arrival in this country he turned his attention

"But what I want to tell you especially was that Leyer, in telling me of his life experience, said that he had the 'secret of life' in his possession that would prove a fortune to some one who knew how to use it. This secret he held was a compound of drugs that he could administer to persons and it would kill them to all intents and purposes. Physicians could examine them and they would pronounce them dead, and an autopsy would not reveal anything in the way of poison. But, he said, he also possessed an antidote, which, if given within forty-eight hours, would bring the person back to life. Taken in connection with the number of deaths charged to him, I believe he must have experimented with his drugs on some of his

"But the strangest fact of all is that I believe he also took the drug himself, when he saw the prison staring him in the face after a life sentence had been passed upon him. I think that he had arranged the whole matter with his wife, and that she was to administer the antidote. for it will be remembered that he not only died very suddenly, but that on his corpse was found a letter earnestly requesting the authorities to did not do. Instead, they sent the body to a medical college, where it was fully examined as to the cause of death. The stomach was taken out, and chemical tests made, but no poison was discovered. The brain was also dissected, but nothing unusual was discovered, except that it was slightly above the usual weight.

"I have never said anything to anybody my chat with this most remarkable man, or ghoul, whichever you may consider HUMOR OF THE DAY. Mistook His Meaning.

Burlington Free Press. Shoe-dealer (to young widow, who is hauling over a pile of ladies' slippers)

—Are you looking for number two, ma'am?"
Young Widow (blushing)—Yes, sir. Are you an unmarried man?

Too Literal.

Lawrence American. Bilkins—There, old fellow, cheer up!
Never mind, if she has jilted you. Look around for another. Remember, there are plenty of good fish in the sea, yet.

Tompkins (dolefully)—Yes; but, confound it. 1 don't want to marry a fish, you know!

A Matter of Necessity.

"What do you think of champagne at four dollars a bottle, Downest" inquired Mr. Madison Squeer. "I don't think of champagne at four dollars a bottle," replied Mr. Upson Downes, sadly, "I think of beer."

Difficult Figuring.

Census Taker-How many male members re there in this family?" Kentucky Housewife-Wall, there was six this mornin; but pap and th' boys went out arter breakfas' fer a scrap with th' Muggineses, and I don't know how many

A Strong Probability.

Teacher-And Adam and Eve couldn't go back to the garden, because an angel, hold ng a flaming sword, was at the gate. Billy Snodgrass-Why didn't they jump the fence? If I'd been there-Tony Fuller-What 're you talking 'bout? Sposin' 'twas barb wiref

The Eternal Fitness of Things.

Mr. Johnsing-Miss Lubly, won't you aber de cumpany wid a little song dir Miss Lubly-Not dis ebe. Mister Johnsing! Dar ain't no music in me when I isn' got on my accordian' skirt! So you'll hab ter excuse me, 'deed you will, Mister

A Reverend Dude.

Mr. Kirke Depew (Sunday morning)-I see the Rev. Mr. Alban Cope is going to preach at our church this morning. Mrs. Depew-Why, isn't he awfully high Mr. Depew-Awfully! He carries his rit nalistic notions so far that he wears stained glass spectacles.

Crowded Quarters. An Indian waited for a train at a Northern Pacific station in Idaho, and while

New York Weekly.

there saw the agent talking into a telesaid the Indian "Who you "Umph," talk tof" "I'm talking to a man," said the agent. "Heap little man if him live in there, said the buck. A Hard Week's Work.

Sympathetic Wife - You look tired What's the matter? "I've been making my speech for the de

Great Lawyer-I am tired to death.

lense for three days now; and, tired or not, I'll have to go right along with it to-mor row, and perhaps the next day." "Can't you cut it short?" "Not until the jury have had time to forget the evidence against my client.' An Unfortunate Mistake. Gazley-I'm afraid it's all over between myself and Alice Richley.

Parkley—Did you offend her?
Gazley—Well, I had a little sonnet, "To
Her Bright Blue Eyes," which I wrote for
Mamie Westerly and never gave her; so I
thought it would please Alice.
Parker—And did it?
Gazley—No; not very well. Unfortunately I had not noticed that her eyes are

dark brown. Mean, but True.

Chatter. The boys at a certain college not far from New York have got what they call a "fear-ful down on Professor X." Consequently they make his life a howling failure. He was woke up at 1 o'clock in the morning. This important matter took days of delib-

the other day, by a violent ringing at his bell. Drawing on his dressing-gown he threw up his window and inquired what was the matter. "Burglars are around and we want to tell you that one of your windows is open."
"Which one?" he asked, anxiously.
"The one you have got your head stuck
out of," replied the students in chorus.

Always in Earnest.

"Yes," remarked Mr. Tangle, proudly, "I flatter myself I'm a pretty conscientious man. Whatever I do, I do with all my "Nobody would have the slightest doubt of that, Henry," replied Mrs. Tangle, "if he ever heard you snore."

A Much-Needed Reform.

General Greely (to caller, at the Signalservice office)-Well, sir, what do you want? Caller-Excuse me, General, but what you want here is a means of foretelling the weather correctly. Now, that's just what I've got here. It's sure-never fails. General Greely-What is it? Caller—It's a corn, on this foot; and I'll sell it to you, dirt cheap, at five hundred—But the General had him ejected.

MAKING AN ONION BED.

The Story of How It Is Done Down in Sunny Correspondence New York Times. The making of a Bermuda onion bed is work that requires a vast amount of time an abundant crop.

and calculation. There was a lot of about two hundred feet square on the outskirts of Hamilton, inclosed with a high wall, so near the botel that I saw it every day, and had an excellent chance to watch the operation of cultivating it. The soil was dark and rich, smooth and friable, as most of the tillable soil in Bermuda is. Three men, all colored went to work at that lot the last week in January and began the preliminary work toward making an onion bed. They paced neasured it with poles, paced it off again, then lay down under a tree to rest. This measuring and resting took several days. When they were sure of the exact size, they brought in a horse and plow and began to turn over the soil, one man driving the horse, another holding the plow, while the third rested under a tree. After two or three forrows were made there was evidently a difference of opinion as to whether the lot should be plowed up and down or across. There was an earnest conversation, a vast amount of pointing and gesticulating, and the horse and plow were taken away. The next day the plowing began again, and after three days of what in Bermuda is called labor, the lot was plowed. Such exertion, of course, demanded a period of rest, and after the lapse of one day the three men reappeared, armed with hoes and rakes, and began to "smooth down" the soil. This is work that the Bermuda darkey must delight in. He must first determine where to begin, and that requires some hours of deliberation. Then, having made up his mind, he attacks one corner with a hoe, and strikes several effective blows. A carriage drives past, and he stops and leans upon the hoe-handle till it is out of sight. Two or three more blows and he goes slowly off to a distant part of the lot for a drink of water. On his return to work he breaks two or three more clods, finds a stone or a bit of broken glass that attracts his attention, picks it up and carries it to one of his fellow-workmen to get his opinion of it. Returns to work, breaks a few more clods, and by this time is so fatigued that he has to stretch out under a tree and rest. It is only, of course, while he is under theiboss's eye that he exerts himself in this way. when the boss is absent the darky is asteep under a tree. He gets four English shillings a day for this business, and does not earn one. Although the Bermuda darky is

better educated and generally more civilized than his brother in the West Indies, he is just as lazy and just as thoroughly worthless. At the end of two weeks the lot was plowed and raked down to a proper smoothness. Then followed a period of inactivity. perhaps to let the soil recover from its anwonted exertion. After a lapse of three or four days the men appeared again and repeated their former pacing off and measur-ing, alternating this with siestas under the

the beds should run lengthwise or across.

eration, and at length the beds were marked out. Then came putting out the "sets," for in Bermuda the onion seed is sown in the open ground and allowed to grow until the bulbs are as large as the end of a small finger, the plants being then transplanted to long beds of six straight rows each, with narrow walks between. It took more than a week to put out the sets, and February was almost gone before the garden was planted. Those three men were at work at it for four weeks, doing what one good American gardener would have done in four days. This was a good avanual of four days. This was a good example of "cheap" colored labor: Three men at \$1 a day each; twenty-four days, \$72; an American gardener at \$2 a day, four days, \$8. The owner of that lot would be frightened to pay a laborer \$2 a day, but he was really paying his men at the rate of nearly \$10 a day each, considering the work they did. But when the men went home to rest after their ardgons toil nature began her workand it is a good thing for Bermuda that nature is not as lazy as the darkies. For two or three days the tops of the little onions were wilted and brown, and it was hard to see that anything was planted at all. But they began to pick up. There came a warm rain and sunshine, and more warm showers, and at the end of the week the onion beds were as green as they would be with us in a month. All the weeds that show themselves are carefully pulled out by hand, frequently by women and children and the soil is loosened with narrow spad ing-forks with long handles. The Bermuda onions never looked better in March than they no now, and there is every prospect of

Pendleton-W. R. Teague. Maxwell-J. H. Lane.

Threads of Thought. Louise Snow, in Utica Observer.

Life is too short to spare even the stormy The true birds of the air always fly with A shadow is always darker and larger than the figure that makes it. Flattery is but the condoling of our failnres rather than a true estimate of our mer-

he who would accumulate, must spend, also, We might take lessons from childhood in that enviable art of being easily made If it be true that "truth is stranger than

In accordance with the ancient proverb

fiction," how exceedingly queer it must be Force may compel compliance for the time

being, but gentleness and affection endure and reign continually. The one deserving the greatest commendation is that one whose thoughts and endeavors are given to others. One who has wronged another with malice prepense seems to find it difficult ever to show him a due regard again.

Was Probably Asleep in 1884.

A man named Harmer was in the confederate army from Tennessee, and the day before the battle of Chickamauga, full of confidence in the result of the coming fight, took a clean shave, that he might be in good condition when victory should perch on the confederate standards. After the battle he swore in disgust that he would never shave again until the federals had been subjugated and the Yankees driven out of the South. But the constant accession of Yankee population and capital has forced him to succumb, and the other day a Knoxville barber removed a yard-long beard from his face.

Toleration Has a Limit.

We believe the people of Rockford would be justified in breaking up that infamous den in the vicinity of the city where the as the Christ. He is a robber and a breaker up of homes, and has flourished too long. He has imposed on the credulous long enough. He has broken up enough Lomes, by causing wives to leave their husbands and daughters to leave their parents to dwell as "angels" in his tinsel Paradise.

Considerate Willie. His Mother-Willie, Willie, you are for-Willie (crawling into bed)-No, I sin't, mamma, but I've got an engagement to fight with Bob Stapleford to-morrow. He tree and heated arguments about whether doesn't know how to pray, and I'm not ing to take any upfair advantage of